a generall prayse to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thy Angels face ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter killes
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, and long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime.
Where our scenes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.
The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanced in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats an shadowes, see them
Moue a while.
Your cares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

¶ *Enter*

¶ *Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mightie passion departs.*

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaue *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires:
Hee put on sackcloth and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit:
The Ephitaph is for *Marina* write, by wicked *Dionyza*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeere:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud swallowed some part ath earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed.
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares sheele neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villainie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered;
By Ladie *Fortune*, while our stteare must play,
His daughter woe and heauie wel-aday.
In her vnholy seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

¶ *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2 *Gent.*